

## Bringing Her Back (Real Story!)

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Summary: He thought she was going to be okay after they rescued her from Alvin the Treacherous but she's not. She's lost in her terrified state with no way to come out. But Aaron is determined to bring her back. Sorry about the typo! This is the real deal! Please review! HiccupxAstrid Genderswap, but with an alteration!

## Bringing Her Back (Real Story!)

\*\*Okay finally, I'm still getting the hang of this so sorry about that typo. \*\*

\*\*This is my gender swap for Hiccup and Astrid. I changed Hiccup's name to Poppy because it's more feminine than Hiccup and even though it's a flower name it has more spunk to it. The name interprets to knowledge, secret, strange, mind, inner, thought, loneliness, and study. I liked the name. Let me know what you think about it.  
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\*\*This story takes place after We Are Family but with different aftermath. Poppy has been rescued after being kidnapped from Alvin the Treacherous. Nobody knows what happened during her captivity because she has lost her voice in her trauma. Aaron is determined to bring her back. Please review!\*\*

He was sprinting as hard as he could towards the Haddock house. He had to see her, to make sure she was okay. She was going to be okay. 'Poppy didn't deserve this', he thought angrily. Poppy had been kidnapped by Berk's worst enemy: Alvin the Treacherous. Word had spread like wild fire that Berk had a 'Dragon Conqueror'. When Alvin invaded Berk, he was shocked to learn that "Stoick's little flower" was the person that could tame dragons. Ever since then, he'd been determined for his tribe to learn to ride dragons, no matter what the cost.

Aaron remembered what that fear felt like when they discovered the

fake night fury realizing what it meant. He would never forget the sight of her when they finally rescued her. She was unconscious in her cell. Her usual green tunic wasn't light green anymore, it had a dull brown color. The color of dried blood. There were wounds on her back from what looked like to be a whip. She was far too skinny to be healthy, but she would be okay, right?

He burst through the front door and the first thing he saw was Stoick hunched over in a chair with his head in his hands. Gothi's assistant, Svenja was standing across from him. Stoick didn't even seem to hear Aaron's loud entrance, he seemed too lost in...grief? \_'Is she? No...she can't...\_ Aaron's thoughts wouldn't continue. Svenja looked up and saw him. Her eyes softened with sadness when she looked at him.

"What's wrong? Where's Poppy!?" Aaron yelled trying to get past her and go up to Poppy's room. But he felt a strong hand pulling him back away from the stairs.

"I want to see her!" He shouted at the top of his lungs as he was being forced to sit down. He didn't notice Stoick coming to life until he realized he was pushing him away from getting to Poppy.

"Aaron! Please just sit down!" Svenja pleaded as he continued to try and get past them.

"Why can't I see her!? Is she...!?" Aaron asked with fear in his eyes.

"No she's not, she's alive but..." Svenja started but her words drifted away.

"She's what? What's wrong?" Aaron kept asking questions but he wasn't getting any answers and it was agony.

"Aaron, whatever happened to her on Outcast Island...we don't know what happened. She's lost in her trauma, she won't speak." Svenja finally revealed.

"I-I don't understand." Aaron stuttered out. What did this mean? Why wouldn't she speak?

"She's never going to be the same Aaron. When someone goes through something traumatic, we are all left with scars. Whether they are on our bodies, our minds, or our hearts. But the important thing to remember is that over time, even the worst scars will fade. Don't give up, not now when she needs you the most." Svenja's words finally made Aaron collapse into the chair behind him.

"When I saw her after she woke, she didn't even seem to know I was there. She just stared straight ahead, looking at nothing with a blank look in her eyes. She's lost in a terrified state. My girl, my poor baby girl. I should have been more protective of her. I should have known Alvin would be after her. But I never thought we would be betrayed by one of our own." Stoick lamented. He sat down and buried his face in his hands again. Mildew had allied with the outcasts and helped lure Poppy and Toothless to the Isle of Night. An island supposedly filled with night furies. It was all a trap set for Poppy and it was successful. Everyone was silent. Aaron could only imagine

the horrors Poppy experienced on that Thor forsaken island at the hands of Berk's enemy.

"Can I at least see her?" Aaron finally asked. He had to at least look at her, to make sure she was on the island where she belonged.

"She's in the cove. After she woke up she got on Toothless and they went to the cove together on foot." Stoick said.

"I think she went there because that's always where she felt she was safe." Svenja concluded. "Aaron, you have to be very careful with how you approach her. Her mind is so fragile right now, anything could frighten her."

"I will. I'll bring her back" Aaron declared and walked through the door. He walked slowly through the village towards his own house. \_'Never be the same' 'Scars' 'Trauma' \_were running through his head as he walked into his home. Why he didn't go straight to the cove? He didn't know. Maybe he wanted to make sure he was calm enough to approach her. Or maybe he was terrified of seeing her in the state she was in now. Poppy was always so bright and witty and sarcastic. He loved to hear her voice as she lead the Dragon Academy. Now he might never hear her voice again. \_'No'\_ He thought. '\_I won't let that happen, she's going to come back, and I'm going to be there for her when she does.' \_He grabbed a satchel, packed a few things in it and went to the forge. Poppy's saddle and tail fin was in there. It had been damaged when she and Toothless were captured and he had observed Poppy working enough to know how to fix it. Gathering up her gear and the tools he would need to fix it, he made his way towards to cove. He wasn't thinking too much on the way there, he didn't know what to expect, all he knew is that he needed to help Poppy come back to the world she knew she loved.

Then multiple colors came into his line of sight. He looked up and saw flowers growing everywhere in the open patch on the forest. The variety of flowers and colors brought him a smile. Poppy loved all flowers. Roses, daisies, even dandelions. '\_Maybe this can help.' \_Aaron thought as he bent down and plucked a white daisy. He twirled it around in his hand as he made his way towards the cove where Poppy was. When he came to the edge he could see a small figure sitting by the edge of the lake. Toothless was lying with his tail wrapped around her to offer some feeling of safety. Aaron slowly made his way down the wall and walked up behind them. Toothless raised his head to see who was approaching his rider but immediately calmed when he saw it was Aaron. Toothless looked at Aaron with a sorrowful look in his toxic green eyes, he knew what Poppy was going through and knew that Aaron could help. Aaron put his satchel on the ground and sat down next to Poppy, still keeping a respectful distance to avoid scaring her.

"Hey Poppy" He quietly greeted. She didn't even seem to hear him or know he was there. Using the most gentle touch he could muster, he pushed her brown hair back and placed the daisy behind her ear. Her hair fell loose around her shoulder blades instead of having two small braids wrapped around her head. She was wearing a cream colored tunic with sleeves that fell past her small hands, leaving just the tips of her fingers showing. Looking at her eyes, full of sadness and grief, he sighed.

"I know you're in there. You just need some time. So I'm gonna wait, until you're ready to come out." He said as he gathered his tools and began fixing the damage done to her saddle and hopefully Poppy's heart.

The next day Aaron picked another flower on his way to the cove. This time he picked a yellow daffodil. Poppy was sitting in the same spot with Toothless as she was yesterday.

"Hi Poppy" Aaron greeted placing the flower behind her ear. Poppy didn't respond, she just sat there quietly staring at something that Aaron couldn't see. Aaron looked at her for a minute then began to work on Toothless's ripped tail fin. He had always loved watching Poppy work on her gear, her hands working diligently making tweaks here and there to somehow improve it. He'd always admired how smart she was to create a saddle and tail as complex as this. Fixing the damaged tail, there was no sound except the occasional bird that flew by. Toothless never looked up to the sky longing to fly again. He only wanted to fly with Poppy on his back. That was the only way he would ever want it.

Aaron took his seat next to Poppy who was in her usual spot next to Toothless. He wasn't sure what to do now. Her saddle and tail fin were fixed, now what? Aaron had picked up a bundle of purple flowers he remembered were called Forget Me Nots. He fingered the small flowers in his hand and thought of something, if it didn't frighten her. He scooted closer to her and after hesitating at first, ran his hand down her long hair. Aaron could have sworn he saw her blink, but she didn't react frightened. He gently began to part her hair into three sections before weaving them into a braid. His fingers worked gently through her soft hair determined to not even tug on her head. He completed her braid so it fell off the her side in front on her shoulder. Then he picked up his flowers and began to pluck them off their stems one by one.

"Everybody misses you." He said as he placed the small lavender flowers into her long braid. "You're dad, Gobber, Fishlegs, even the twins and Snotlout. The whole village. They all ask about you everyday, Poppy. It's not the same without you... I miss you too. I miss hearing you're laugh, you're voice, you're hellos. I want to hear them again." Then he saw her shoulders tense up, he immediately stopped touching her thinking he had frightened her, then he saw the goosebumps on her skin. She was cold. Aaron was prepared for this, he opened his satchel and pulled out a blanket and draped it around her shoulders. He pulled out her braid and he continued to put flowers in until it was time to take her home.

\_ 'When will she come back? How much longer?\_' Aaron wondered as he was just about to pick a red flower when he saw something else. It was a blue poppy. The flower Poppy was named after. A memory entered his mind. When they were both six years old when Aaron picked a flower just like this one and gave it to her. He placed it behind her ear then too, he thought it's blue petals made her forest green eyes stand out even more. That was probably when Aaron first started to have stronger feelings for her. '\_Please, let this work, I don't know what else I can do\_' Aaron pleaded to himself as he plucked the flower from the ground. Poppy told him that the poppy flower was and always will be her favorite. Especially the blue ones.

He stopped when he stood at her side, looking down at the poppy in

his hand. He exhaled before sitting next to her.

"Poppy" He breathed as he placed her flower behind her ear. Once again, she didn't react. Aaron didn't know how much more of this he could take. It seemed like nothing was working, what if she never came back? What would he do then!? \_'Poppy please come back! I can't live without you!\_' \_Aaron pleaded to her in his mind. He didn't say it out loud because he wasn't sure if she could even hear him. Before he broke down looking at her sad face, he got up to gather wood to build a fire.

He started to fire by hand and sat down next to Poppy looking at the ground wondering what he would do. The truth was, he didn't know. Poppy was such a big part of his life, without her in it...

"Hey Aaron" Her soft voice spoke for the first time in far too long. Aaron almost didn't hear her, he was so lost in his thoughts of grief almost. But he heard the sound he had been hoping for and feared he would never hear again. He looked up and saw her eyes. They were still staring ahead, but they were different. Instead of being dull and lost, there was the smallest spark in them. Poppy was back. She was back on Berk, safe with him and everyone who cared about her, where she belonged.

\*\*Hope you guys liked it! I got the idea when I was watching a series about Finnick and Annie from The Hunger Games. Please Review about what you think of the story and the name change to Poppy. \*\*

End  
file.